

# LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 18.

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## LADIES MUSEUM.

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## Miscellany.

[SELECTED FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Sir—I have noticed, with no small degree of interest, a number of communications in your paper, ridiculing the fashions of the present day. This course of conduct deserves to be reprobated by all who would vindicate the honor and delicacy so essential to the female character. One of your correspondents very gravely states, that "the madness of fashionable folly seems to have taken full possession of the fair," and that "they seem resolved to sacrifice their health, their comfort, and even their lives, to this ridiculous frenzy." To the person who penned the communication from which the above is extracted, and to all others of a similar opinion, I would recommend a candid and impartial perusal of the enclosed well-written article on this subject, which, (judging from the many proofs of courtesy which you have exhibited on various occasions to our sex,) I doubt not, you will do me the favor to insert.

SUSAN.

"I have been amused of late in pursuing the witticisms which have appeared in the public prints, on the foolish fashions, (as they are called,) of the Ladies. It seems that certain characters—such, for instance, as, contrary to their expectations, have found that their Goddesses are nothing but clay, or, perhaps, occasionally, a disappointed lover—are so chagrined at their hard destinies, that they can vent their spleen in no other way, than to pour torrents of invective on the better part of our species, because they are wise enough to dress in such a manner as to set off their forms to the best advantage. Unhappy husbands! Poor love-sick souls! I pity you, sincerely. But, alas! the poison is taken, and I fear there is no antidote. There are *palliatives*, however; and were I permitted to prescribe, (though, like most of my brother physicians, I wish to say but little, and do less, where there is no prospect of a fee, and especially in desperate cases,) I should advise you to wear goggles, made of witch hazle, as that is

a species of wood very peculiar for certain qualities it possesses; in the mean time, taking care to substitute for green glasses, which are commonly used, smooth pieces of leather, each about one half an inch thick. This will prevent the ingress of those rays of light, which, otherwise, when you meet these deformed beauties, will unavoidably be reflected from them, and, entering the corner of either one or both of your eyes, pass through the crystalline lenses, and form an inverted image on the retina. This I should suppose would be almost insupportable; for the perception arising from the sensation of such hideous images dancing about your eye-sockets must be disgusting in the extreme.

"But how shall I answer those Ladies and Gentlemen who are constantly ridiculing the fashions of their daughters. With deference let me ask them to call up to their recollection the days of their youth, when it was the custom to wear coats as broad as the skirts as a cock-turkey's tail-feathers, when he struts forth sole sovereign of the timid flock around him; when it was the fashion to wear buckles on their shoes the size of a man's hand, and hats on their heads that would conceal a nose a foot long. Let them count up how many yards of cloth it took, how much stuffing, what quantities of silk, to make a petticoat. Let them tell, if they can, how many thrifty walnuts of the forest, and willows beside the pebbling brook, were cut down before they had fairly raised their green tops to the sun, just to serve the moderate fashions of the times. Should a Lady now appear in our streets with high-heeled shoes, elevating her six inches above her ordinary stature, dressed in what we should call a bed-quilt, lightly fringed with a hoop, containing one tenth of a cord of wood, we might well exclaim, in the simplicity of our hearts, 'O tempora! O mores!'

"I acknowledge it would be very hazardous for a Lady to 'cut herself in two, or pinch two ribs into one.' Such practices, no one, in his senses, will advocate. But I do say, if the females of our country are fair, (and who but a blind man doubts it?) let us all be willing that they should display their beauty as well in form as feature. What would these private jeerers have? Would they transform our Ladies into Arabian wives, or recommend to them the Indian costume of our western wilderness? It is strange there can be no fashion but what injures the health; for, says a criticism on female beauty, 'fashion is naturally at variance with health.' I will thank some one to tell me how a piece of whale-bone injures the liver, or point me to a Lady who has grown melancholy, or lost her life, in consequence of wearing what is commonly termed a corset board.

"It was laid down in the ancient records of Great Britain, that, on the taking of a whale on the coasts, it should be divided between the King and Queen. And the reason assigned for it was, that the Queen's wardrobe might be well furnished with *whalebone*.—What use she made of it I will not pretend to say. It

is enough for us to know that it was considered an article of such value to the female sex, that even the wise heads of England took measures to secure a proper quantity of it to the Queen. And shall we condemn what some of the profoundest Legislators the world ever saw have countenanced?

"The Ladies may go to extremes in this thing, and doubtless many of them do; but the fashion, notwithstanding, is a good one; and he who says their forms are less elegant, their countenances less blooming, their features less expressive, their manners less winning, is a man of no taste, and deserves to be transported to the deserts of Zahara.

"Keep up the fashion, Columbia's daughters. Triumph in those sneers of envy that may be showered upon you by the discontented, I should rather say the deformed. Reason, prudence, ease, (yes, *ease*,) elegance, taste, are for you. Sustain the elevated rank you have acquired; that while America, by the wisdom of her statesmen, and the bravery of her heroes, excites the astonishment of the whole earth, her daughters may continue to rise up in remembrance in the midst of the nations, and still leave them in doubt which most to admire, the firmness of her manly spirit, or the purity, taste, elegance, and refinement of her *female character*."

## THANKSGIVING.

Whatever may be the effect of religious festivals on the piety of a people, the considerations of which we readily delinquish to the province of the Divine, the effect on their moral and political condition has often been appreciated by the statesman. Of such festivals no civilized country, perhaps, is so destitute as our own; yet, of those which they have, none is so beneficial in its tendency to excite the finer social feelings, as our New-England Thanksgiving. We refer to its influence on the virtuous; for vice, incapable of mental enjoyment, must be content with the grosser pleasures of sense; to its influence on the middling classes—(to which all our happy countrymen may belong, if they choose)—for, as these are the support of society, so they are also most susceptible of its enjoyments. This anniversary brings to all ages and to various conditions something of gratification, either in the fruition of the present, recollection of the past, or hope for the future, which, together with the influence of family union and festive pleasure, tends to elevate the affections, and to excite social, liberal and friendly emotions. With minds, solemnized by public worship, and by gratitude to God for those blessings which it is the peculiar business of the day to recollect and to acknowledge; with spirits, relieved from those cares, and labors, and anxieties of ordinary life, which are inconsistent with the rites of the occasion; assembled, as is customary, in a patriarchal family, with the father and his head, around whom are sometimes collected, sons and daughters, with their husbands, and wives, and children, that have been scattered abroad by

Journal of the Providence



the calls of business ; feasted on the luxuries afforded by the season of the harvest : the heart must be cold that is not melted to tenderness ; the fancy must be sluggish that does not reveal among those visions of comfort and delight, which such a family circle calls up in the minds of a Yankee.

Mark that venerable pair, whose heads have been bleached under the snows of more than half a century, but whose minds, having never yielded to the storms of passion, are yet cheerful and sprightly.—With what exalted emotions do they see their children, and their children's children, seated around their joyous board ! They look to the younger part of the group, and are reminded of the days when they themselves thought and felt as freely and as carelessly as their children now think and feel. A thousand fond recollections rush upon the heart, softened and mellowed in the distance of time, and endeared, perhaps, by the cherished memory of some early friend who has gone on before them to still happier scenes. Their hopes, also, (for even *they* have worldly hopes,) look forward to the period when these human nestlings shall become useful and respected members of society ; and, it may be, a pardonable vanity, which is only chastened by solicitude for their welfare, and which valuable institutions authorize in the breast of the humblest citizen, may fancy among them, the future pride and glory ; the future heroes and statesmen of their beloved country.—They look upon their old offspring, already settled in life, involved in its cares, and in the midst of its comforts, and are gratified with the maturity and vigor of those who are to be the stays of their declining age, and the support of their name and memory in the world. They look upon each other, and enjoy the bliss of an attachment, which years of trial and familiarities have only been able to strengthen and endear.

Observe, also, those middle aged partners, whom the experience of life has prepared for all the turns of fortune, or rather, for all the dispensations of Providence, but who have still sufficient buoyance of hope and youth to look forward with high expectations from the future. Among the blessings for which their hearts are grateful, not the least arises from their love to each other and to their families, increasing their gratefulness and by that increased. Happy in each other, happy in the endeavor to promote each other's happiness, what are to them the cares and labors which have this for their object ?—What the world and all its bickerings, its scandals, its vanities and its follies ? Such, too, have often the additional enjoyment of reflecting, that through their bounty, some of their less fortunate neighbors have the means of at least one day of plenty and of ease, the more highly relished from its infrequency.—These, likewise, renew their age in their offspring ; these, too, expect their names to be sustained or aggrandized in their posterity.

Here, too, are the young people of either sex, joyous in the present, and doubly joyous in expectation of the future. Whatever seems most interesting and eligible in the condition of their friends, is but tame in comparison with the allotments of fortitude which fancy has promised them. Whatever fondness they may discover in the connexion of their parents, is but

coldness compared with the love they hope to reciprocate with some Corydon or Phyllis, whose image is, on occasions of extraordinary excitement, ever present to the mind.

Childhood moreover enjoys the holiday. Too happy in mere existence for reflection or foresight ; it feels that fulness of animal delight which freshness of being only can give, and which has no drawback from care or sorrow.

Perhaps, however, the seat of some loved member of the family may have become vacant. This may change, in some degree, the nature of the festival, but does not deprive it of all its tenderness. The nearness of the remaining member becomes thereby more sensible and endearing. The grief, also, of the virtuous, though it supercedes all earthly enjoyments, finds a melancholy pleasure in indulgence ; and there is a confidence in the sorrows of the righteous, which reposes on the bosom of their Maker.

And is this picture overdrawn ? We believe its original may be found in every neighborhood ; and, permit us to ask, whose is the fault if its most important features are not more common ? They depend not on wealth or fortune, but on the prudence and virtue that are within the control of each family in the community. Let those, then, to whom no part of the picture is at present applicable, resolve, that no future Thanksgiving shall find them in the same condition ; and they, who now experience its joys, will doubtless mingle with their gratitude to God, prayers and vows, to live, hereafter, still more worthy of such blessings.

#### MANDONOC—A TALE.

"I ask no favors from you ; nor, indeed, can you bestow any, for life has now no charms, and I shall be happy in reposing in the grave"—were the words of the convict Mandonoch, when the Judges, who were about to sentence him to death, offered him a pardon, if he would discover his associates in guilt. His proud soul disdained to accept a favor, when offered conditionally ; much less would he avail himself of one when it was to be obtained by a violation of his word. The man who had brought himself to the verge of destruction, by a breach of the laws of his country, had still too nice a sense of honor to forfeit it for the paltry reward of existence.

"You see before you, (continued Mandonoch,) one who, through all the vicissitudes of his life, (and they have been many, very many,) still preserved the consciousness that he was a man. He has infringed the laws of society, and he is ready to lay down his life as a reparation for his offence ; but he will never sacrifice the companions of his fortune to secure that which he has long considered a burden."

The Judges then consulted among themselves, and after a pause of a few moments, the eldest arose. The court was wrapped in silence. Not a whisper disturbed the solemnity of the scene, when the awful sentence was pronounced. Mandonoch listened with calm attention. His features preserved their serenity, and the frown of magistry, which generally dwelt on his brow, gave place to a faint glow that illuminated his countenance.

When the Judge was re-seated, Mandonoch bowed

profoundly, and thus replied :—"To you, Sir, who have, in the performance of your duty, pronounced my fate, I return my thanks for the impartiality with which you administered justice. To die, is what I wish ; but to die an ignominious death !"—he shook his head ; his features were momentarily convulsed ; but he recovered his firmness, and resumed—"An ignominious death must be hateful to every one who has ever been held in estimation by his fellows ; but it is the work of an over-ruling Providence, and I submit.

If it will not be an intrusion on your patience, I will relate the most momentous occurrences of my life."

The Judges bowed assent, and he went on.

"Born to an honorable station in society, educated beneath the eye of affectionate parents, my prospects were as flattering as youthful fancy could paint. Alas ! soon, very soon, were they clouded by misfortune. My parents died ere I arrived at the age of maturity, and left me to the guardianship of a man whose ruling passion was *avarice*. He cheated me of my fortune, trepanned me on board a ship bound to India, and exposed me to the greatest hardships. I was cruelly treated by the persons to whom I had been consigned. However, some time after my arrival in India, I escaped. Returning to England, I found my guardian revelling in the fortune which was mine, and enjoying the luxuries of life, while the rightful possessor of his wealth was exposed to all the ills of poverty. My absence from my native home had been several years, as the difficulty of returning retarded my departure from India. From being exposed to the inclemency of the weather, in different climates, my countenance was considerably altered, and the wretch baffled all my attempts to reinstate myself in my fortune, and treated me as an imposter. Without funds to enable me to force him to resign his wealth, which he had so infamously obtained, what could I do ? My heart panted for vengeance ; and I slew him. Having gratified my revenge at the expence of my peace, I fled again to sea. But the ocean seemed to have conspired with fortune to rob me of the least taste of enjoyment and content. The vessel to which I belonged was wrecked on the coast, and every soul but myself perished with her. I was taken up by a party of smugglers, who conducted their illegal trade on the coast ; and, disgusted with society, I readily acceded to their proposition to join them. Active and enterprising, I obtained their favor ; and after a residence of some years among them, was appointed their chief. Our band was numerous and daring. The quantities of goods which were, through our means, introduced into the country, attracted the notice of the officers appointed to prevent this illicit trade. They led troops out against us, and many severe conflicts ensued. The fame of Mandonoch, and his hardy band, spread far and wide ; but I feared not death—and to preserve the companions of my fate, I was actuated by love and gratitude. It was for *them* I conducted the fight ; it was for *them* I engaged in a sanguine, tho' a partial warfare with my countrymen ; but never for myself. The life I led, I abhorred ; but I had no alternative. At length, larger bodies of troops were despatched against us. I was outlawed, and a price



set upon my head. This, I well knew, and all my followers were well acquainted with it; but they were faithful, and, I believe, would have sacrificed their lives to preserve mine. Shall I then basely expose them to death, because I dread its approach? No; it comes as a friend to release me from the tormenting fiend *recollection*; and the soul of Mandonoch is too proud to preserve existence, were it ever so dear to him, when the lives of his friends, in misfortune, must be the forfeit. Often, when night had cast her congenial shadows over the face of nature, did I wander among the craggy cliffs which form the battlements of England, and, in conversation with myself, pass away the tedious hours. My friends never intruded on my lonely musings. They observed my sorrows, and while they lamented them, held them ever sacred. In one of these nocturnal rambles, fortune led those who were in pursuit to the place where I indulged my melancholy. I was taken a prisoner. Their triumph was great, although they had only to boast the capture of a man like themselves—but that man was Mandonoch! You have taken *me*, but yet there remain eighty men who pride themselves on their independence, and who will lay down only with their lives. Severity will never succeed, unless they are extirpated. Lenity might induce them to return to a state of obedience to the laws, but if you attempt to force them to resign their liberty, I see nothing before you but blood and slaughter."

Here Mandonoch ended. He bowed with manly firmness to the court, and retired to his dungeon.—The next morning he was conducted to the place of execution; where, attended by thousands of spectators, he prepared to meet his fate with fortitude.—The crowd admired his firmness; and while they condemned his life, they could not but pity the man who was above their compassion. His countenance was unmoved, and without uttering a word he mounted the ladder. His step was firm, and his whole conduct manly; insomuch that no one among the throng but wished his reprieve. Mandonoch seemed for some minutes in silent prayer. He turned to the crowd, and with a haughty condescension bowed to them as they gazed upon his majestic form—then gave the signal, and his manly soul fled forever!

#### A WARNING TO BAD HUSBANDS.

A tradesman, who lived in a village near St. Albans, had been twice married, and ill-treated his wives so as to cause their death. He sought a third, but as his brutality was well known in the place where he dwelt, he was obliged to go fifty miles off for a wife.

He obtained one, and after he brought her home, all the neighbors came to visit her, and acquainted her in what manner her husband used to treat his former wives. This somewhat surprised her—but she resolved to wait patiently till her lord and master might take it into his head to beat her. She did not wait long, for her husband was a terrible fellow.

One morning he waited on his lady with a cudgel, and was preparing himself to make use of it. "Stop," (said she,) I fancy that the right which you now pretend to have over me is not mentioned in our mar-

riage contract; and I declare to your worship you shall not exercise it." Such a distinct speech disconcerted the husband so much that he laid down his cudgel, and only began to scold her. "Get out of my house, (said he,) and let us share our goods." "Readily, (said she,) I am willing to leave you;" and each began to set aside the moveables. The lady loosens the window-curtains, and the gentleman unlocks an enormous trunk, in order to fill it with his property; but as he was leaning over to place some articles at the bottom, she tripped up his heels, pushed him in, and locked the lid!

Never man was in a greater passion than he was; he threatened to kill her, and made more noise than a wild boar caught in a trap. She answered him very quietly: "My dear friend, pray be calm, your passion may injure your health; refresh yourself a little in this comfortable trunk, for I love you too much to let you out now you are so outrageous."—In the mean time she ordered her maid to make some custards and cream-tarts, and when these were baked and ready, she sent round to all the neighboring gossips to come and partake of her collation.

This was served up, not on a table, but on the lid of the trunk. Heaven knows what pretty things the husband heard all these famous tattlers publish in his praise. In such a case, a wise man must submit and give fair words. So did our friend in the chest. His language was soothing; he begged pardon, and cried for mercy. The ladies were so good as to forgive him, and let him out of the trunk. To reward him for his good behaviour, they gave him the remainder of the custards and tarts. He was thus completely cured of his brutality, and was afterwards cited as a model for good husbands; so that it was sufficient to say to those who were not so, *take care of the trunk*, to make them as gentle as lambs, like himself.

#### PERFECTION.

A French preacher was once descanting from the pulpit with great eloquence on the beauties of creation: "whatever, (said he,) comes from the hands of nature is complete; she forms every thing perfect." One of his congregation, very much deformed, and having a very large hump, went up to him at the close of his discourse, and asked, "What think ye of me, holy father, am I perfect?" To which the preacher replied, very coolly, "yes, for a hump-backed man, quite perfect."

#### SIMPLICITY.

A countryman, giving evidence in a court, was asked by the counsel if he was born in *wedlock*—"No, Sir, (answered the man,) I was born in *Devonshire*."

#### THE USE OF A TEA-KETTLE.

A scholar, who was reading at night, heard a thief breaking through the wall of his house. Happening to have a Tea-Kettle with boiling water before the fire, he took it up, and placing himself by the side of the wall, waited for the thief. The hole being made, a man thrust his feet through, when the scholar immediately seized them, and began to bathe them

with boiling water. The thief screamed and sued for mercy; but the scholar replied, very gravely, "stop till I have emptied my Tea-Kettle!"



#### POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

#### TO MINERVA.

External charms we often find  
Where there's no beauty of the mind;  
Such charms as these we but admire—  
Esteem and love they can't inspire.  
Or, if a fancied love arise  
From shape, and air, and sparkling eyes—  
Delusion 'tis, it lasts a while,  
We see, and at our folly smile.  
But where the fairest form is join'd  
With all that's lovely in the mind;  
Where softness, sweetness, mildness, grace  
Each finish'd feature of the face;  
Where heavenly modesty and artless mien,  
And simple nature's peerless charms are seen;  
Where parts improv'd appear which more surprise,  
Than all the heaven which shine in those sweet eyes;  
Where sensibility is join'd  
With firmness and a pious mind:  
Here let me all my heart at once resign;  
Come, seize my breast, thou passion all divine,  
I'll dare to hope MINERVA may be mine!

A. A. H.

#### LINES,

On hearing a young Lady of Boston sing Moore's beautiful Song—"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear."

Some spirit from heaven seem'd passing along  
That whisper'd each word it could catch from thy Song;

Till, warm'd by the zest of the soul-stealing lay,  
I melted like snow in the sun's piercing ray!

O! why did it melt, in a moment like this,  
When my soul had just reach'd the bright regions of bliss?

When my eyes spoke the feeling that throb'd in my heart,  
And told thee "I'll love thee, whatever thou art!"

'Tis music like thine, that can lure into love,  
The heart that no tear of kind pity could move;  
'Tis music like thine that can bring from the sky  
A bliss when we live, and a calm when we die.

Then, maiden, ne'er let that bright smile be o'ercast,  
By the dark cloud of sorrow—I'm thine to the last;  
For the words of thy Song are still 'grav'd on my heart,

"I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

## MISS DOLLY-HARD-TO-PLEASE.

I do not love a man that's tall,  
A man that's little 's worse than all;  
I much abhor a man that's fat,  
A man that's lean is worse than that;  
A young man is a constant pest,  
An old man would my room infest;  
I do not like a man that's fair,  
A man that's black I cannot bear;  
A man of sense I could not rule,  
And from my heart I hate a fool;  
A sober man I will not take,  
A drunken man my heart would break;  
All these I do sincerely hate,  
And yet I love the married state!

## ANSWER BY BOB-WHAT-YOU-PLEASE.

Dolly, I am the man for thee—  
I'm neither tall nor slender,  
Nor old, nor young—come, treat with me,  
I'm ready to surrender.

Nor ghostly fat, nor grossly spare,  
Nor sedulous, nor slack, Miss;  
Like puny boy I am not fair,  
Nor like an Indian black, Miss.

Plain common-sense I do not lack,  
And that's a lawful tender;  
Yet I ne'er made an Almanack,  
Nor saw the Witch of Endor.

No sober mock-face lump am I,  
That deems the bottle treason;  
I'll stick to Bacchus while I'm dry,  
But will not drown my reason.

So, Dolly, if I please your mind,  
With you I'd like to winter;  
And when you wish my place to find—  
Enquire of the Printer.

## HAPPINESS.

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,  
Ye blessed birds around,  
In which of Nature's wide domains  
Can bliss for man be found?

The wild birds carroll'd over head,  
The breeze around me blew,  
And Nature's awful chorus said—  
No bliss for man she knew.

I question'd Love, whose early ray  
So rosy bright appears,  
And heard the timid genius say,  
His light was dimm'd by tears.

I question'd Friendship—Friendship sigh'd,  
And thus her answer gave:  
The few whom Fortune never tern'd  
Were wither'd in the grave!

I ask'd if Vice could bliss bestow?  
Vice boasted loud and well,  
But fading from her wither'd brow  
The borrow'd roses fell.

I sought of Feeling, if her skill  
Could soothe the wounded breast?

And found her mourning, faint and still,  
For others' woes distress'd.

I question'd Virtue—Virtue sigh'd,  
No boon could she dispense:  
Not Virtue was her name, she cri'd,  
But humble Penitence.

I question'd Death—the grisly shade  
Relax'd his brow severe:  
And "I am Happiness, (he said,)  
If Virtue guide thee here."

## TO ———.

Accept, sweet maid of the sparkling eye,  
This little tribute due to thee;  
And, with it, take the heart-warm sigh,  
The sigh of truth and love from me.

Those rosy cheeks were made to bless  
The gladd'ned eye with hues divine;  
And in thy form of loveliness  
Does every angel beauty shine.

Those coral lips and snowy teeth,  
Those waving locks of raven hue,  
Thy soft ambrosial fragrant breath,  
Declare true beauty dwells in you.

Then take, sweet maid of the sparkling eye,  
This little tribute due to thee;  
And, with it, take the heart-warm sigh,  
The sigh of love and truth from me.

ALBERTO.

## LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1825.

## FEMALE ENTERPRISE.

At the Annual Exhibition of Manufactures at Rochester, N. Y. a Lady was present weaving Bobinett Lace, which drew around her a crowd of admirers; another Lady was also present from Henrietta, who presented samples of Sewing Silk of her own manufacture.

## LONGEVITY.

It is stated in the Salem Gazette, that the oldest man in Essex County is Pompey Lovejoy, of Andover, now aged CII years; the wife of his bosom and partner of his cares and joys is also living, aged XCVIII. They are attended in their family by two unmarried nieces, one aged LXXVIII, and the other L. Pompey Lovejoy is a native of Massachusetts.

## PERPETUAL MOTION

Has been discovered for the hundredth time by somebody in Ohio, who advertises, that "if any person will furnish money to pay for a patent, he will disclose the secret; and if not, he will go among the Yankees with his machine." He calls it a self-supplying Water Wheel. The inventor's name is supposed to be William Young, near West Union. He heads his advertisement with the following:—"As Columbus did, I make the first offer to my own country."

## NINE WIVES!

A man in Silesia was lately arraigned for the crime of bigamy. On the trial, it appeared that he had successively married nine wives, all of whom were in Court. The Judges decreed, that the best punishment would be, to make him live, hereafter, with the whole nine. The unhappy prisoner pleaded the capital punishment (hanging) on hearing their decision, but without effect. The Court was inexorable.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are extremely sorry to be under the necessity of postponing the admission of the piece signed "Bachelor." We presume we have had the pleasure of inserting two or three pieces from the same author, which have given satisfaction to our readers. We shall, at all times, be pleased to hear from him.

"J. S." has been received, and shall appear next week.



## MARRIED,

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Caleb B. Hudson, to Miss Sarah Wilcox, both of this town.

On Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. Samuel Spink, to Miss Mary-Ann Stockman, all of this town.

On Thursday morning last, by Rev. Mr. Edes, Mr. Edward Draper, to Miss Julia-Ann Sheridan, both of this town.

On Wednesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Tobey, Mr. Eliakim Briggs, to Miss Catharine B. Yerrinton, eldest daughter of Mr. James Yerrinton, all of this town.

At Guyra, a Gentleman aged 86, *without legs*, has been married to a Lady aged 70, *without arms*. In this match the bride seems to have obtained ample security that her swain shall not *run away* from her, and the bridegroom as ample security not to be *beaten with a broom-stick*.



## DIED,

In this town, on Sunday morning last, Mrs. Abby Newman, widow of the late Mr. Samuel S. Newman, and eldest daughter of Col. John Carlile, aged 31.

On Monday morning last, very suddenly, Samuel Arnold, youngest son of Mr. Samuel A. Gerald, aged 3 years and 7 days.

In Johnston, Eliza Watson, only child of Mr. Amory Chapin, of this town, aged 15 months.

In Pawtucket, Mrs. Sarah Harris, wife of Mr. William Harris, and daughter of Timothy Greene.

In Bernardston, Mass. Jane Center, daughter of Rev. John Brooks, aged 1 year and 8 months.

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